

Public Ledger
PUBLISHED DAILY AT 1000 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
EDITORIAL BOARD:
CHIEF CLERK: DAVID E. SMILEY
GENERAL BUSINESS MANAGER: C. MARTIN
PUBLISHED DAILY AT 1000 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WAR OR POLITICS?

Chairman Hays, of the Republican National Committee, Reads a Lesson to Republicans and Democrats Alike

WAR has made of politics in America a difficult art—or a difficult science. Much that is petty and mean in the conventional party argument is losing value or being burned out under the pressure of the sternest sort of realities.

Chairman Hays, of the Republican National Committee, sensed the general convictions of the country at large when he spoke recently to a gathering of eminent politicians at the New York Republican Club.

"We," said he, speaking of the Republican party and its doctrines, in the light of the war, "denounce any criticism of public officials, high or low, when such criticism is inspired by partisanship, malice or disloyalty. Our policy is one of assimilation and not elimination. There is far more involved in the matter than party success."

There is far more involved in the matter than party success. It is plain that the people, in these days of sacrifice and inspiration, have lost patience with many of the things, thoughts and illusions that used to fascinate and sway them in lighter and more cheerful times.

The great mass of the people are not usually articulate. Sorrow has already made many of them wise. They have seen Europe aflame and they have had to think of the causes. They have heard the passionate voices of whole nations cry out through the tumult for principles of honor and justice and decency.

The campaigners who wish to strengthen their parties will have to speak intelligently. They will have to speak truth. Mere denunciation of an opposing candidate will serve no end. And the sort of criticism of the Government that used to serve in other national campaigns will receive little favorable response now.

Otherwise existence would be intolerable for the millions whose sons are now associated for life or death with the Government. In other words, politicians who want to survive will have to be sincere. They will have to be honest, because the country is in a mood to sense and hate dishonesty.

How many of the lesser politicians realize this? How many on either side realize that the nation itself is growing wiser and more acute than they?

In Mr. Hays's address there is a moral for many conspicuous Republicans and many conspicuous Democrats. No one with a knowledge of the purpose and operation of free institutions of government would suggest that any party or any government should be immune from free and honest criticism.

The right of free speech is a sacred right, of course. That is all the more reason why it should be respected by those who claim it. There is an even nobler privilege available to Americans at this time. That is the privilege of helping the Government in every moment when it is not proved to be at fault and of giving strength to hands and minds and souls heavily burdened.

We hope and pray that the hospital ship Comfort may get over safely, but we haven't the gentlemanly confidence in the shrew-boats that Mr. Daniels seems to have.

THE FACTS ABOUT BEER

MR. HOOVER meets the demand that he forbid the use of food grains in producing beer with what amounts to a definitive refusal. He realizes that this puts him on the defensive, and he has stated the case so clearly that only the extremists will condemn him.

attempt to force Mr. Hoover's hand on beer or whether it will forbid the sale of whisky and gin for the period of the war and make the nation dry.

Paths of glory lead but to grave complications for vaudeville actors who masquerade as Peering veterans.

THE SUBMARINE SCARE

PHILADELPHIA, New York and other cities on or near the Atlantic coast will not be raided by Germans from the sea or from the air unless the Hun has reserved the greatest invention of the war for an attack on America.

The War Department plans for coast defense by a more elaborate system of observation balloons and airplane patrols come a little late. That is a matter that should inspire whatever explanations are due from the Government.

The possible appearance of a marine-airplane over the coast cities must appear, therefore, to be little more than a nightmare of the alarmists. Should such a vessel ultimately appear, its use could involve little more than a futile gesture of terrorism.

The Germans came over to throw a scare into America. They have seemed to have had an initial success in the Senate at least.

When Noah Webster's daughters were at school in New Haven, a hundred years or so ago, their schoolmistress wouldn't let them look at an eclipse. She said it was improper.

Speaking of liquor, the Lick Observatory will not be able to observe the eclipse tomorrow because all its instruments are still in Russia, where they were taken in 1914.

Has Kerenky been scuttled by one of those shrew-boats?

Literary Notes

How about the Crack in the Harold Bell Wright?

Of course, poor Garabed's error was simply in trying to make his "free energy" free. Nothing is free these days, not even lunch.

Has the War Department any right to conserve Wood without consulting the fuel administration?

SALTED PEANUTS.

The world is so full of friendly people that it is really surprising humanity was able to get up such a war as this.

And not long ago we wrote a book. (It might happen to any one.) In that book, on page 185, we spoke of a certain volume, "The Social History of Smoking," which a friend of ours in Canada had borrowed and obstinately refused to return.

We are going to raise that man to the peerage, with the title Grand Exalted Master of Generosity. And just for fun, here's his name, Gordon Ray Young, Los Angeles, Cal. Good luck to him! SOCRATES.

The Kaiser and the Satellite

(Apologies to "The Walrus and the Carpenter")

According to the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger the Kaiser and his favorite newspaper correspondent, Karl Rosner, visited the Champagne battlefield and lamented the destruction wrought.

THE guns were shooting o'er the land. Shooting with all their might. They did their very best to make The hope of parity slight.

The Emperor was out of sorts Because he thought the foe Had no business to be where His troops had planned to go.

The Kaiser and his satellite Were walking hand in hand. They went like anything to see Such devastated land.

"If seven million Bertha guns Swept it for seven years Do you suppose," the Kaiser groaned, "The French would yield to fears?"

"O Germans, march ahead of us," The Kaiser did entreat. "Nor think it ill whatever pill My orders make you eat.

The Kaiser and his satellite Paced on a mile or so. And then they rested in a spot Protected from the foe.

"The time has come," the Kaiser said, "To tell of many things; Of Zeebrugge and of sealing wax, Of sacred rights of kings.

"A lot more bread," the Kaiser said, "Is what we chiefly need. Some fats and oily products, too, Are very good, indeed.

"What more for us?" the soldiers cried, Turning a little blue. "After such peace talk they would be A dismal sight to view."

"It was so good of you to come And you are very smart." The satellite said nothing but "When is that peace to start?"

"It seems a shame," the Kaiser wailed, "That we are not today Engaged with Bolshevik troops That kindly ducked the fray."

"I weep for you!" the Kaiser moaned, "I deeply sympathize." With sobs and tears he sorted out Divisions of large size,

"O soldiers," sobbed the satellite, "From royal eyes are shed A stream of tears. Lift up your cheers!" Yet never a word was said.

Mr. Hurler, of the shipping board, has posted in his office the sign: "Noah was 600 years old before he knew how to build an ark. Don't lose your grip. There is another lesson in the story of Noah which we should not forget. Was not he the man who preached preparedness to deaf ears?"

The Reader's Point of View

To the Editor of Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I wish you could shout from the hills so the country could hear every word of your call "addressed to twenty-one" in the Evening Public Ledger this evening.

To the Editor of Evening Public Ledger: Sir—The third Liberty Loan is a thing of the past, and I think the campaign was one we are all more or less proud of.

To the Editor of Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I want to compliment you upon the way you displayed the story of my son, Lieutenant Harold T. Antrim, who is in France, yesterday on the third page of the Evening Public Ledger.

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BOMBS AND A BELGIAN GARDEN

By Lieutenant Leon Archibald, British Royal Engineers

AMONG those who remained in the territory adjacent to our lines in Belgium was the owner and occupant of a small detached roof cottage near the windmill along the Ploegsteert-Romarian road. This person was an old lady who lived all alone, and who explained that at her age, which was nearer eighty than sixty, she was very much averse to changing her abode.

WHAT her real name was we never learned, but to the soldiery who visited those parts, and from whom she reaped a bountiful harvest of sous, pennies and francs on account of butter, eggs and garden truck, she was invariably known as "The Old Lady by the Mill."

FROM her steps she placidly stood and watched us drag the lifeless, broken fragments from the wreckage to lay them on one side and cover them with army blankets. The destruction of her garden was now complete. By the time the last vestiges of the wreck had been removed there also had been trampled down and hopelessly destroyed the poor old lady's only means of livelihood; and yet it was she who after the departure of the salvage party snatched from off the mutilated bodies the rough, gray army blanket and as a substitute tenderly laid over them a snowy sheet of linen.

Appropriate

The Director of the Mint will wed Mrs. Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt, who appears to have made an appropriate selection.—Louisville Post.

Adjoining "The Old Lady by the Mill" a cottage was a rather pretentious-looking farmhouse of brick, which had been vacated by its rightful tenants a few days following our visit to this delightful scene; but in so far as the movements of the original inhabitants of this vicinity were affected by the advent of the kilt it is another story. Suffice it to say that our brigade staff cast an approving eye over this establishment and forthwith became tenants, and as is the fashion with brigade headquarters the erstwhile peaceable and harmless-looking brick farmhouse immediately became a seething hive of industry, which overflowed and made its presence known to the ever-watchful eyes of German bird-men.

Manhattan's Mania

RESIGNATION

WHY the deuce don't ugly dragons, Big and bold and impolite, Try to gobble up my lady When I take her out at night? Why don't bandits—well-armed bandits—Swoop down when we go about, Give her strong and fearless swatheout Just a chance to knock them out?

Why does every blamed excursion That the dear and I take in Always land us back in Southwark Quite intact in every limb? Is there any real, good reason Why I shouldn't have a chance To show the girl that I'm a hero Who can fight if he can't dance?

Oh, I'm just about disgusted With the way such things are run. Looks as if they're overboard on Shining places in the sun. I can see no other prospect Than to pop the question there. In the dark in Kitty's parlor Sitting in a Morris chair!

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.

We wonder if that famous German "Black Book" that has caused so much rumpus in England includes the names of the fakers who are collecting money over here in false uniforms.

What can be stopping Hinky on the Marne? Surely not all those contemptible little armies? Is it typhoid?

While the Kaiser is editing Shakespeare he might take special note of what the Bard said about eclipses: "Crooked eclipses" against his glory fight, and Time that gave doth now his gift confound."

A plot has been discovered to smuggle the Romanoff jewels into New York; but the Romanoffs would be much more interested in a plot to smuggle the family out of Russia.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz